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## The Lay Preacher ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD REFORMER.

THO' many long years with their weal and their woe,  
Have sunk in time's gloomy profound,  
Yet still I can see the o'erhanging yew tree,  
And the villagers gathered around ;  
And there stands our Hero, with features so wan,  
His thin locks are wearing quite gray ;  
Come listen, my friends, for he looks like a man  
Who has really got something to say.

### THE SERMON.

- " Dear neighbors and friends, on this beautiful eve,  
All nature's so peaceful and still,  
The heart is unwilling, yea, hates to believe  
In the very existence of ill ;  
Behold yonder cloud on the mountain afar,  
It seems like the spirit of peace,  
Descending from heaven to bid cruel war  
And all earth's calamities cease.
- " And oh, what a glorious world it would be !  
If men from the days of their youth  
From worldlimindness kept themselves free,  
And had implicit faith in the truth ;  
O ! lift up your eyes to yon symbols of might,  
A joy still my old bosom thrills,  
I am thankful to God I was reared within sight  
Of yon great, of yon glorious hills—
- " And that I companioned with flowers and with streams,  
And the great old mysterious sea ;  
And they from ambition's demoniac schemes  
Have kept me unsullied and free ;  
And they are the preachers that never depart,  
The teachers that never grow old ;  
And their inspirations, aye, live in the heart !  
For they are more precious than gold.
- " They tell of the greatness, the grandeur of law,  
Through which the Eternal doth shine,  
With them shall your spirits on wonder and awe  
Ascend even to the divine.  
Men lack love of nature, their hearts have grown cold,  
The fruit of our science and lore ;  
And are in utter earnest 'bout little save gold,  
Which they throw down their manhood before.
- " By worshipping intellect they've gone astray,  
And have seen some old virtues depart ;  
Yea, without a murmur they've wandered away  
From the evergreen vales of the heart ;  
Thus our little lives are distracted, ajar.  
For earth's lost the charm of its youth ;  
With our better nature we're always at war,  
Lacking faith in omnipotent truth.
- " E'en mighty Napoleon, like one gone insane,  
How like a mere charlatan tries,  
For all his big intellect and his coarse brain,  
To build up his throne upon lies ;  
Poor man, in his vain intellectual pride !  
How short was the distance he saw ;  
Believed he could shove the commandments aside,  
And hoodwink the God *abune a'*.
- " Can we call him great who unconscious remains,  
Of the great, the Omnipotent eye ?  
Nor sees the detectives which nature maintains,  
And always lets loose on a lie ;  
O'er earth like a terrible tempest he passed,  
Loving nothing outside o' *himself*,  
And so his card-castles all vanished at last,  
And down to destruction he fell."

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

(To be continued.)

## THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

HAVING comfortably partaken of their evening meal, our four Pickwickians proceeded, in accordance with their settled programme, to the church of the Rev. Dr. Wild, in which after a process which it would be as tedious and painful to describe as it was to undergo, they found sitting room. The sermon was a highly characteristic one on the subject of "The Ulster of Scripture"—a learned effort to show the Jewish origin of the name of the Irish Province, by tracing out the notorious affinity between Ulster overcoats and Jewish pawn-shops. The whole service was, as usual, most interesting.

"Well," said Bramley, as they gained the church-door, "that was a most extraordinary sermon, was it not? The doctor is evidently a most powerful and original thinker; his is no ordinary intellect."

"No, indeed," chimed in Coddleby, "I was deeply interested and am fully convinced that he was right from beginning to end of his discourse. He must be excessively clever; he struck me as being so. What do *you* think, Yubbits?"

"He struck *me* as being a howling crank," replied that gentleman; "clean off his nut, I should say, though I may be mistaken—but what are all these boys and youths standing round the door for?" he added suddenly, as his eye fell on a long row of gawky, half-grown hobbadheys, drawn up along the sidewalk. "Who are these and what are they doing here?"

"Oh! I was reading something about this class in a paper only yesterday," replied Coddleby, "these are 'mashers,' and are waiting here till the young ladies come out; ridiculous looking fellows, aren't they?"

Indeed they were; Mr. Coddleby was never more right than when he made that remark; the ages of the specimens of Toronto's lady killers, as here displayed, varied from seventeen to about five and twenty, and as they conversed amongst themselves, every variety of voice could be heard, from the quavering notes of the callow youth whose voice is breaking, and which are emitted at one moment in deep bass notes, whilst the next produces a discordant rasping treble, to the mature tones of the full grown, fully fledged man of twenty-five.

"I should not think that ladies much relished having to run the gauntlet of all the idiotic glances cast upon them from these fellows," remarked Coddleby. "What ill bred hounds they must be; look at that tall, tallow-faced youth with his hands in his pockets over there; did you ever see such an expression of imbecility outside an asylum, Bramley? over there, see; that fellow with the tight trowsers and long-pointed shoes, and downy lip."

Bramley and his friends glanced in the direction indicated, and certainly, the young man pointed out by Coddleby was a most senseless, empty-headed looking specimen of humanity, as he leaned forward with mouth half open and glass in his eye, to get a glimpse under the hats of the young ladies who were passing. As one very nice, modest looking girl walked by him, he detached himself from the rest of the loungers and followed her, and, as our friends' road lay in the same direction, they proceed on their way, some few yards in rear of the young fellow who was rapidly overtaking the lady. As he drew up alongside of her, he bent down his head and appeared to address some remark to her, which, it was evident, from her manner, she resented.

The happy mean—those who succeed in cheating street-car conductors, the custom-house and the tax department.